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The Honorable Tanya Walton Pratt
United States Federal District Court
Courtroom # 344
Indianapolis, In 46204

7 November 2018

Judge Pratt

I am writing this letter on behalf of my brother, David Coj. Since I have known David his entire life I feel I'm a good judge of what kind of person he is. He grew up in a middle class neighborhood in the 50's. Our dad worked construction and our mom began working at Ballard Biscuits which later became Pillsbury. When you are young you don't always see problems in your home and as you get older you begin to realize things weren't exactly right. Our dad was an alcoholic, our mom had a nervous breakdown when we were very young. I vividly remember being taken to outside of our Holy of Peace Hospital and standing on the hill waving to a figure in the window, our mom. Our aunt Wilma and Uncle Harlan shielded us from many things throughout our early childhood and that enabled us to think our life was normal early on. David was always a go getter when he was younger.

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He was always the first kid in the neighborhood wanting to rake leaves or shovel sidewalks when it snowed. He even helped our neighbor Fred plant his garden. As we got older and became teenagers, mom had a relapse and ended up back in the hospital. She was finally diagnosed schizophrenic. When we she went back to the hospital it was decided I would spend the summer with an Aunt and Uncle in California and as I saw it David would stay home and basically " fend for himself." When summer was over and I came home things were never really the same. My dad had built a room on the garage and that's where David stayed when he was home, but he mostly stayed at friends houses and he eventually quit school and started doing whatever he needed to do to survive. Somehow we made it to adulthood and when David and Vicki moved to English I was hoping that was going to change things for him. He confided in me one of the Real reasons he moved so far away was so mom couldn't call him to come to the house and find daddy dead at the bottom of the stairs. David has a difficult time when someone comes and says they're down on their luck, need a job, or whatever their story maybe, that's all he needs to hear and he's going to do whatever he can to help them out. Not long after moving to English we were planning a family vacation to Florida. David had befriended a young man that had never seen the ocean. That was unheard of to David so

the young man went with us on our vacation. When the remnants of Hurricane Ike came to town it was a mess. There were trees down everywhere. David took a chainsaw and started helping out wherever he could. Seeing a bigger need to help feed hungry people he went home and got his fish fry truck and he and Vicki started frying fish and giving it away to workers, or townspeople or really to anyone that was hungry.

My brother is not perfect and he has made mistakes, but the bottom line is my brother is a good man, loving husband, wonderful dad, an even better grandpa, great brother and so much more. He just turned 64 and he has major health issues please be lenient in his sentencing. There are ~~so~~ many more horrible things going on in this world today. Thank you for the courtesy of reading my letter.

Respectfully,
Peggy Jenkins